"Don't get up, I'll get it." by BlueClue182

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Summary:

Eleven's got her period and Mike's got a sister. Be like Mike.

"Don't get up, I'll get it."

Author's Note:

> Continuing on with my February fluff fest... in May.
>
> He's not just referencing Princess Bride, btw. https://archiveofourown.org/works/13579299

Eleven was laying on her side, clutching a hot water bottle to her stomach. Mike stood at the door, arms crossed and face screwed up in confusion.

“I just want to help.” Eleven moaned in response. “Nancy gets this way sometimes, too. There’s nothing to be embarrassed about.”

“I’m…not…embarrassed…it’s…” Mike took a step into the room, but Eleven pushed him back a little harder than she intended with her powers.

“Whoa!”

“Sorry! I’m sorry, I’m in…so much pain. I don’t know what to do, and I didn’t mean to…”

“Well, I can’t help with the pain exactly, but I can certainly get you some stuff from the store. Or if you want, I can just call and have Joyce bring some stuff over.”

“I don’t know *what* would help! I feel hot and cold and hungry and sick and tired and bored all at the same time. And it’s…I can’t…”The windows started to tremble.

“El? Hey, El. Look at me.” Mike stepped into the room again. “We can figure this out together. We’ve figured out *way* weirder stuff than this. *This* should be cake.” Eleven groaned again and pulled her knees up towards her chest, then stretched her legs out again. She repeated this action twice, and Mike wisely stood by in silence.

“Why don’t boys have to deal with this?” Mike shrugged.

“Nancy says we couldn’t handle it.” Eleven let out a short laugh, but her face scrunched up again.

“Waffles. I need some waffles.” She started to sit up but Mike headed for the door.

“I can do waffles.”

“I can get them myself, Mike.”

“Yeah, but you don’t *have* to.”

“But—”

Mike shook his head. “Nope. Don’t get up. I’ll get it.” Eleven hesitated, but Mike disappeared into the kitchen, where she heard him begin to whistle as he dug through the fridge.

“Hey Mike?” She called.

“Yes?”

“With whipped cream and chocolate sauce?”

“As you wish!” She smiled and snuggled back in under the sheets.